

CRACKAJACK

Bunnies

10¢

AUGUST

No. 38



The
OWL

•
ELLERY
QUEEN
•

FLYING
FORTRESS
•

GABBY SCOOPS

CYCLONE

•
and MIDGE

•
CRUSOES

Frank
Thomas



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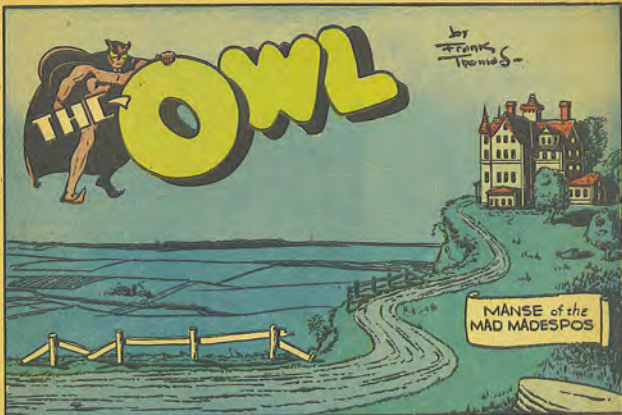
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by
Frank
Thomas

POLICE HEADQUARTERS--
--OFFICE OF THE CHIEF!

DID YOU SEE THE WRITE-UP
I GAVE YOU ON LAST NIGHT'S
CAPTURE, CHIEF?

YEH, BELLE-- BUT
CONFIDENTIALLY
IT WAS THAT CURSED
OWL THAT
DID IT!



NICK, YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THERE!--THE SPECTRE
CAME FLOATING DOWN
TO US IN A
PARACHUTE
AND--HUH?

--A LADY
TO SEE YOU,
CHIEF!



OH--PLEASE!--MAY I SPEAK
WITH YOU IN PRIVATE??--IT'S
ABOUT MY SON!

--WHY--
--CERT'N'Y--STEP
INTO THIS SMALL
OFFICE!



THE OWL

IF THE CHIEF EVER FINDS OUT THAT YOU-NICK TERRY-ARE THE OWL, HE'LL BURST INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

UH-HUH-Y'KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT OLD LADY-SHH!-SHE'S COMING BACK!



WHERE THE DEUCE HAVE I SEEN HER??

NICK!!
LOOK--!!
--THE CHIEF!



-CHIEF!-YOU'RE SHOT-WHAT HAPPENED!

LIEUTENANT!!-CALL AN AMBULANCE-- QUICKLY!!



-I-I'M ALL RIGHT--JUST PLUGGED IN THE SHOULDER--OLD WOMAN DID IT--HAD SILENCER ON GUN--SHE'D HAVE FINISHED ME WITH ANOTHER SHOT--BUT GUN JAMMED!
--DID SHE GET AWAY?



-SURE, CHIEF--CLEAN AS A WHISTLE--WE DIDN'T KNOW--BUT TELL ME--WHO WAS SHE?

"MA" MADESPO!



"MA" MADESPO!
--GOOD HEYVENS!

C'MON, BELLE-- WE'LL FOLLOW THE AMBULANCE!



THE OWL

TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE CITY HOSPITAL!!



THE OWL

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT!—DO YOU REMEMBER HER FOUR SONS?—THREE OF THEM HAVE ESCAPED ALSO!—I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE REPORTED IT—BUT THE SCANDAL—AND—AND—WE FELT THAT WE COULD RECAPTURE THEM OURSELVES—BUT—BUT—WE HAVE FAILED!



THE MADESPO BROTHERS LOOSE AGAIN!—WHY—WHY—THEY'RE INSANE KILLERS!

I KNOW—
—I KNOW!
—I HAVEN'T SLEPT—I'M A BROKEN MAN—
—ARREST ME—GET IT OVER WITH!



I MAY HAVE TO ARREST YOU, DOCTOR—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR CHANCES BY COOPERATING WITH US NOW AND TELLING US ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SITUATION!



GLAD!—"MA" MADESPO ESCAPED A MONTH AGO BY HIDING IN A BASKET OF SOILED LAUNDRY THAT WAS TRUCKED OUT!—THEN, ONE BY ONE, THREE OF THE SONS ESCAPED—WE DON'T KNOW HOW!



AFTER "MA'S" ESCAPE, THE FOUR SONS WERE PLACED IN SEPARATE BARRED CELLS—BUT THEN BENT APART THE BARS ON THE WINDOWS—COME, I WILL SHOW YOU!



THE THIRD SON ESCAPED FROM HERE TWO NIGHTS AGO, BUT NO MORTAL MAN—EXCEPT POSSIBLY THE OWL—HAS THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH TO DO THAT!



I KNOW IT—AND AFTER THAT, THEY STILL HAD THE HIGH WALL TO SCALE—ONLY A HUMAN FLY COULD—EH?



YES—AND WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HIS BREAK-OUT MAY BE SCHEDULED FOR TONIGHT!



FINE!—DON'T WATCH HIM TOO CLOSELY—LET HIM TRY IT—I'LL HAVE A POLICEMAN BEHIND EVERY TREE AND SHRUB ON THESE GROUNDS TONIGHT!

THE OWL

NICK, WE'LL SPREAD A POLICE NET AROUND THAT NUT-HOUSE THAT A MOSQUITO COULDN'T—
 SORRY CHIEF—
 —YOU'LL HAVE TO COUNT ME OUT TONIGHT!



—I'VE-ER-MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO LEAVE TOWN TONIGHT, CHIEF—NO OTHER WAY—HOPE YOU WON'T INSIST—!
 WE'ELL—
 —OKAY NICK—
 —BUT I'LL NEED YOU—AN' I'M MIGHTY DISAPPOINTED!



GOOD LUCK, CHIEF!
 —TAKE CARE OF THAT SHOULDER—YOU SHOULD ARREST YOURSELF FOR ONE-ARMED DRIVING!

KEEP THIS MADESPO CASE OUT OF THE PAPERS, BELLE!—THIS IS ONE TIME THE OWL WON'T BEAT ME TO IT—BECAUSE HE WON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT!

HOT DAWG!



—POOR CHIEF!—
 —OFFICER, NICK TERRY WON'T BE AT ELMWOOD TONIGHT, BUT THE OWL WILL, EH?
 ASK ME NO QUESTIONS AND I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES!—I'LL 'PHONE YOU LATER, BELLE!



THAT EVENING—AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE SPACIOUS GROUNDS OF LENMOOR ASYLUM



QUIET, BOYS!

NOW—AS SOON AS WE'RE INSIDE THE WALL, EVERYBODY SPREAD OUT AND TAKE COVER!!
 —THE FIRST ONE WHO SPOTS ANYTHING WRONG BLOWS HIS WHISTLE—OKAY?
 —OFFICER O'TOOLE, YOU STICK WITH ME!
 YES SIR!



—K-KINDA SPOOKY—AIN'T IT O'TOOLE?—I-I HOPE THOSE LOONEYS ARE ALL BLOCKED UP FOR THE N-NIGHT!



THE OWL

BEHIND THESE BUSHES
O'TOOLE—GOOD PLACE
TO HIDE AND
WATCH!

YES
SIR!



BUT THE POLICE ARE
NOT THE ONLY WATCH-
ERS!—POISED ON
THE HIGHEST TOWER
OF THE ASYLUM—



THE OWL!

THE CHIEF AND HIS GANG ARE IN—THEY'RE
ABOUT AS QUIET AS
A HERD OF LONGHORN
STEERS!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, O'TOOLE—
—I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING
MOVE OVER YONDER IN THE
SHRUBBERY!



BOY!—TONIGHT'S MY BIG CHANCE TO GET
THAT PROMOTION
THE CHIEF PROM-
ISED ME!—GEE!
—IF I COULD
ONLY BE THE
ONE TO CATCH
THIS LUNATIC—
—GEE!—WHAT
WAS THAT ??—DID
I SEE — ??



THERE IS!—THE
CHIEF WAS RIGHT!
—THERE'S SOME-
ONE IN THOSE
BUSHES!—GEE!!
—MY CHANCE—
—MY PROMOTION!



HALT!



I GOT 'IM!

THREEEE-EEET



THE OWL

SOMEONE BLEW
THE WHISTLE!

-IT CAME FROM
OVER THERE!

-C'MON!
-HURRY!



NICE WORK,
O'TOOLE!

-I GOT MY KNEE IN
HIS STUMMICK!

LET HIM UP!-LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE FAR END OF THE
GROUNDS, TWO FIGURES RACE FOR THE WALL!



YOU-!!★*?&

-DON'T YOU KNOW
I'VE GOT A BAD
SHOULDER?!-●!!

-OF ALL
THE ★

THE KEEN EYES OF
THE OWL SWIFTLY
FOCUS ON THE PAIR!

-JUMP TO
THE WALL!



HSS-SST!- THERE'S THE
ANSWER!- TWO OF
THEM- ONE CARRYING
THE OTHER-LOOK AT
HIM CLIMB THAT WALL!
-IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
-AS SOON AS THEY
GET OVER THE TOP,
I'LL



-THE BOYS MUST
HAVE SEEN THEM
TOO!-I HEARD A POLICE
WHISTLE-AH!-A CAR ALL
READY FOR THE GET-AWAY!

AND ON THE STREET BELOW-

-GREETINGS, BROTHER!-ONCE AGAIN ALL THE
MADESPOS ARE UNITED!-"MA" IS WAITING
FOR US AT THE HIDE-OUT-YOU HAVE MADE A
CLEAN BREAK-AWAY!-WE MUST

LEAVE HERE
QUICKLY!



THE OWL

BUT IT ISN'T A CLEAN BREAK-AWAY--QUITE!
-FOR AS THE MADESPO AUTO SPEEDS AWAY--



-IT IS GOOD TO BE FREE AGAIN, BROTHER!
---FREE TO KILL- **KILL!** - HAS "MA" PICKED
US OUT A VICTIM YET??!



A TRAINED GORILLA!!
-NO WONDER HE
COULD CLIMB THAT
WALL! - AND NO WON-
DER THE BARS ON
THE ASYLUM WINDOWS
WERE TWISTED LIKE
LICORICE STICKS!!



THE FLEEING MANIACS SOON
LEAVE THE CITY FAR BEHIND!



PHOOEY!
-DUST! - WE
MUST BE NEAR-
ING THE HIDEOUT!

THE MADESPO CAR
SLIDES TO A STOP AT
THE FRONT ENTRANCE
OF THE OLD MANSE!!

"MA" WILL BE GLAD TO
SEE YOU - YOU'RE SUCH
A SMART FELLOW - YOU
ALWAYS GET GOOD
IDEAS AN' ---



HSSST! - THAT BIG
HOUSE - I'LL BET
THAT'S OUR DES-
TINATION!



-WELCOME HOME,
MY SON!



TO BE CONTINUED

SMOKEY STOVER

BALLED UP BY THE BILL & HOLMAN CLOUT HOPPERS
DOCTOR OF FOG-GLASS

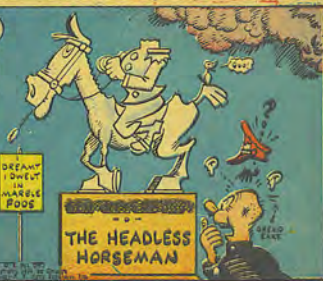
SPRING IS IN THE AIR ALL RIGHT, SMOKEY- GRAB YOUR BAT AND I'LL THROW YOU A FOG FAST ONES!

OKAY- I'LL KNOCK THE HEM-STITCHING OFF THAT OLD PILL!

SEASE DONT GROW ON A B-UY FOG

WHEN TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU, FOG FAST FOG

LET ER FLICKER GIRLIE, AS THEY SAY IN THE PANCAKE FACTORY- BATTER UP!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE

SINCE WE'VE GOT NO JOB AND NO PLACE TO GO, WE MIGHT AS WELL WATCH THE OTHERS WORK.



SUITS ME FARDNER!

I'LL PUT YOU UP HERE WHERE YOU CAN--



LOOK! SIR HENRY'S LOST HIS BALANCE!!



THAT BLOWST ROPE!!!



TIGER SHARKS-- TWO OF THEM! HEY!! GET HIM BEFORE HE MAKES SHORE!



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, CALICO HOSS!



YI-I-P!

SAY THAT CRAZY YANK IS SHOOTING THEM!!

CYCLONE





CYCLONE



CYCLONE

HOURS LATER THE LITTLE EXPEDITION REACHES THE MOUNTAINS.

THE JUNGLE IS BEHIND US, CYCLONE. THIS IS THE BIG TIMBER COUNTRY!

THESE TREES GIVE YOU A QUEER FEELING, DON'T THEY, PARTNER? LIKE WALKING THROUGH THE BIGGEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD!

TRY--UH--TRY AGAIN, CALICO HOSS! WELL UH--MAKE IT THIS TIME!

(MIDGE'S VOICE) YOU DO THE PULLING, AND WE'LL DO THE GRUNTING, BIG BOY!

ABOVE THE TIMBERLINE THE TRAIL GROWS STEEPER AND ONLY CYCLONES' KEEP CALICO ON THE TRAIL



THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN!

NEAR SUNSET THE TRAVELERS SIGHT THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE GORGE, SNODDY.

QUITE SO--AH--PARTNER, WE'LL CAMP HERE AND GO ON A FOOT IN THE MORNING

YOU MEAN ON ALL FOURS? THIS MOUNTAIN SIDE IS NO GOLF COURSE!



WELL, SIR HENRY, I GUESS WE'D BETTER FIND SOME FIREWOOD WHILE CYCLONE IS UNLOADING

RIGHT-O, MIDGE! YOU LOOK THAT WAY AND I'LL LOOK THIS WAY. WHAT?

OH-OH! A CAVE! THAT MIGHT BE A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE

THE EXPLORERS ENTER
A KNARLY TUNNEL.



CYCLONE

ARE YOU CRAZY, MIDGE? COME BACK HERE BEFORE THEY FILL YOU WITH ARROW/5!



DON'T STOP HIM--THE LITTLE CHAP HAS SOME PLAN. I'LL WAGER!

STOPPING BEFORE THE SAVAGE CHIEF, MIDGE SPITS ON THE CAVERN FLOOR.



A DENSE WHITE CLOUD ENVELOPS MIDGE.



AH/AH! HE HAS CUT OFF HIS OWN HEAD!

IT IS MAGIC!



MIDGE HURLS HIS HEAD FROM HIM--THE AIR WHISTLING OUT OF THE PAINTED BALLOON IN A WEIRD SHRIEK.



GREAT MAGICIAN! WE BOW BEFORE THEE!

WAH/WAH! WE BOW BEFORE THEE!



I GUESS THAT WILL HOLD THEM FOR AWHILE GENTS!

MIDGE, PARTNER--ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

POSITIVELY! MY WORD!



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

FREE! 25 PRIZES

5 ONE DOLLAR PRIZES

20 COPIES OF THE THRILLING NOVEL--STRATOSPHERE JIM

An ounce of prevention knocks but once.
Opportunity it is worth doing well!

If it is worth doing at all what you can
do today.

There is no use crying after the horse
is stolen.

Beauty is worth a pound of cure.

A stitch is a dangerous thing.

A little knowledge in time saves nine.

Fine feathers should not throw stones.

People who live in glass houses do not
make fine birds.

Don't lock the stable over spilled milk.

Don't put off 'til tomorrow is only skin
deep.

HERE'S HOW TO WIN ONE OF THESE FINE PRIZES

Simply unscramble the pro-
verbs shown on this page.
There are eleven in all.
Write them neatly on a piece
of paper, fill in the coupon
below and mail both to

Crackajack Contest

K. K. PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

On or before August 15, 1941

REMEMBER: NEATNESS COUNTS AND JUDGES'
DECISION IS FINAL

CRACKAJACK FUNNIES CONTEST

K. K. PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

AGE _____ BOY OR GIRL _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

My Favorite Features in CRACKAJACK FUNNIES are:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

CLYDE BEATTY

DRAWN BY
JIM HAMBERS



THE INDIAN WITCH DOCTOR DEMONSTRATES HIS GRATITUDE TO CLYDE FOR SAVING HIS AND HIS PEOPLE'S LIVES, BY GUIDING HIM TO A LAND ABOUNDING IN ANIMALS AND BIRDS, NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY WHITE MEN. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE, BERT SLAY FOLLOWS, WAITING A CHANCE TO KILL CLYDE AND TAKE OVER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE KLOW MUSEUM EXPEDITION.

THIS IS OUR THIRD DAY ON THE MARCH... HOW MUCH FURTHER MUST WE GO?

IN TWO MORE SUN SETS, WE REACH THE GREAT MOUNTAIN AHEAD. WE CROSS IT INTO STRANGE VALLEY. VERY DANGEROUS TO CLIMB MOUNTAIN.

WE FEEL TROUBLE

YOU'RE THINKING OF BERT SLAY, EH, WIG WONG? WELL, IF HE'S STILL FOLLOWING US, HE'S GOT TO COME INTO THE OPEN WHEN WE REACH THE MOUNTAIN -- LOOK, IT'S ABSOLUTELY BARREN!

WE FRADES WHAT HE DO FOR WE REACHED MOUNTAIN!

THE GOAL OF THE LITTLE PARTY --- BARREN, JAGGED STRANGE MOUNTAIN NEVER SOILED BY WHITE MAN AND ONLY TWICE BY INDIANS. IN ITS VALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE LIE STRANGE CREATURES, SEEN NO PLACE ELSE ON EARTH!

WE HAVE TRAVELED FAR TODAY. WE SHALL REST AT THIS CLEARING.

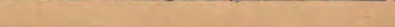
THE MAN OF THE WHIP HAS SPOKEN -- WE CAMP HERE.

WIG WONG IS Tired. FIVE MASTER'S MEAL AND GO TO SLEEPED QUICKBE

THERE THEY ARE SCAR-FACE! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE INDIANS. I'LL SETTLE WITH BEATTY AND HIS DOUBLE-CROSSING NUMBER-ONE BOY!

TAKE CARE INDIANS FIRST, MR SLAY, WITH BLOW GUN -- NO NOISE!

AFTER A QUICK MEAL, THE TIRED TRAVELERS TURN IN. THE TWO INDIANS STAND GUARD ---





CLYDE BEATTY



THE FOLLOWING DAY THE SMALL PARTY CONTINUES ON ITS JOURNEY TOWARD STRANGE MOUNTAIN. FOR TWO DAYS THEY TRAMP THROUGH THE DENSEST JUNGLE IN THE WORLD AND FINALLY REACH THEIR GOAL....



CLYDE BEATTY







WHILE ON A HUNTING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF THEIR ISLAND, JOHN AND PAUL DISCOVER A HUGE, FERTILE LAND INHABITED BY A HERD OF BEAUTIFUL WILD HORSES, WHICH THEY SUCCEEDED IN CORRALLING. BLATANTLY THEY BREAK IN TWO HORSES AND RIDE BACK TO TELL THE FAMILY OF THEIR GOOD FORTUNE.

ALFRED
BRONX



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

BOB *and* BILL

THE SCOUT TWINS



BOB AND BILL, THE SCOUT TWINS, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE, WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE, AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS AND VERY TINY PEOPLE. BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE, HELPED BY A GOOD GIANT THEY RETURN FOR A BRIEF TIME TO THEIR OWN WORLD.

DRAWN
BY
ROBERT BRICE



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BEHIND THE GIANT A THIN
STREAM OF WATER SPURTS
THRU THE BLASTED WALL...



...THE STREAM BECOMES A
RUSHING TORRENT!

BOB! DO YOU HEAR
THAT? SOUNDS
LIKE RUSHING
WATER!

YES... I THINK
IT'S SOMEWHERE
BEHIND US!

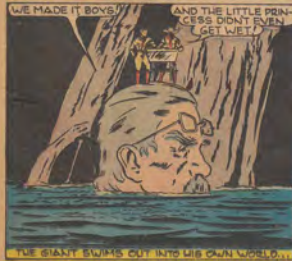


(LOOK! A FLOOD!)

IT'S
OVERTAKING US!

WE'LL BE DROWNED!

MAYBE NOT, BILL—
THE CANYON OF
SHADOWS IS JUST
AHEAD.



WE MADE IT BOYS!

AND THE LITTLE PRIN-
CESS DIDN'T EVEN
GET WET!

THE GIANT SWIMS OUT INTO HIS OWN WORLD...



THE WATER HAS STOPPED
(RISING!)

BUT THE CANYON OF
SHADOWS IS A LAKE!
WE'LL NEVER GET BACK
TO THE UPPER WORLD
NOW, BILL!

BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



TO BE CONTINUED

Just a kid



Jerry lay peacefully in the sun against one side of the high board fence. Boy, it was swell just taking it easy and he almost hoped the rest of the gang wouldn't turn up after all.

"I'm too lazy to go swimming today," he mused sleepily.

Suddenly, Jerry heard a car pull to a stop on the dirt road on the other side of the fence. He was about to get up when he heard the voices of two men as they stepped from the car.

"We've got some time to kill, Trig," he heard one of them say. "If we get to the bank about two o'clock we'll be just about right."

"Are ya sure we're all set on this job?" inquired the other. "Seems like a pretty good handful for only two guys to pull it off."

"What's a matter with you, Trig?" snapped the first man. "It's a cinch, I tell ya. Didn't I case the joint myself? There's only two tellers and an old

goat of a manager. We'll be outta there with ten thousand smackers before they know what hit them."

Jerry's hair fairly stood on end as he listened. These two men were crooks, sure as could be and they were talking about the Meadville Bank. There was going to be a stick-up. Jerry wondered what he could do about it. He'd have to go to the bank in person to warn them but what chance did he have of getting there first?

The moment the car drove away, Jerry grabbed his bike, which was standing near by and hastened toward the bank by a different road. Two o'clock, they had said, which meant that they would not hurry. Maybe, thought Jerry, if he pedalled for dear life, he could beat them to it.

The clock on the front of the bank said two minutes to two when Jerry rode madly up to the door and burst inside, panting and breathless. He almost fell into the arms of old Mr. Gowdy, the bank guard and attendant.

"Now, me lad," said Mr. Gowdy, "I've told you boys yer have no business in the bank—go on with you."

"But, Mr. Gowdy," panted Jerry. "I want to—"

"Go 'way with ye, my lad," returned Mr. Gowdy, giving the boy a push toward the door. "I've had enough of your pranks in the past."

Jerry cast a quick glance over his shoulder. A car was pulling up at the door as he looked. Jerry ducked quickly under Mr. Gowdy's arm and headed for the inside of the bank.

"Stick up!" he yelled as he threw himself on the floor behind one of the marble counters which were used by the bank's clients.

The startled tellers looked up but as they did so, two rough-looking individuals were already inside the door. One of them levelled his sub-machine gun at the head of the first teller.

"This is the works," he said roughly. "Stand where you are and you won't get hurt. If anybody makes a move I'll blow his head off."

Quickly, the other bandit hastened back of the cages and began to scoop up the cash into a black bag. Jerry lay perfectly still behind the marble counter. Mr. Gowdy had been herded into the bank by the two thugs. At that moment, the alarm bell on the bank began to clang with a deadly ring. One of the tellers had suddenly ducked from view and stepped on the alarm button.

"You rat!" exclaimed the man with the machine gun. "Take that!" And he sprayed the front of the cage with a deadly fire. "Come on, Joe," he yelled to his partner. "Bring the dough and make it snappy. We gotta move fast!"

Jerry heard the second bandit scurrying out from behind the tellers' cages. He would have to pass directly by the marble counter in the center of the floor. Jerry could hear his running footsteps now and as the man's feet came into view, Jerry's foot snapped out quickly. There was a sudden confusion of feet and legs, a loudly muttered oath and then the man fell headlong to the floor. Jerry peaked out and could see him lying there stunned.

The other bandit was already out the door but Meadville's two police officers were heading down the street and had him trapped. Jerry crawled out to find the first bandit sprawled unconscious on the floor. A pistol lay near his hand and Jerry scooped it up, not knowing what he might do with it. As he rushed to the door to see whether the other man had escaped, he almost fell over the man, kneeling in the doorway and firing his machine gun at the approaching officers.



Jerry made the best of it. Sticking the gun into the small of the man's back, he mustered all the courage he could.

"Okay, mister," he announced. "I've got you covered. Drop that machine gun or I'll shoot."

The crook hesitated for a moment and then slowly dropped the machine gun to the sidewalk and turned to look at Jerry with a look of dismay.

"A kid!" he groaned. "Why I oughta—"

"You oughta—but you won't," snapped young Mr. Walters, one of the tellers at that moment. He had joined Jerry at the door and he too was covering the would-be bandit with his own gun. "Jerry got your pal in there and now he's got you. That's a pretty good day's work for a kid."

And it won't take more than one guess to decide who was the hero of Meadville that night.



STRATOSPHERE JIM AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

THE FLYING FORTRESS, CARRYING PRINCESS HELEN OF LATINIA, WHOM JIM HAS RESCUED FROM THE ENEMY, HAS LANDED AT A BRITISH AIRPORT FOR REPAIRS.

FOR ME?... THANK YOU.
I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN...



IN A SMALL
LONDON HOTEL

THERE'S A LONG DISTANCE
CALL FOR ME AT THE
DESK.... I WONDER
WHO IT CAN BE?



BETTER HURRY
WE'RE READY
TO LEAVE ENGLAND
IN A FEW MINUTES

DON'T WORRY, I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK



KEEP QUIET,
SISTER... IT'S
THE HEALTHIER
THAT WAY!



THE ENEMY AGENTS RUSH HELEN
INTO A WAITING CAR, AND HEAD FOR
THE SUBURBS OF LONDON, MEANWHILE....



WHAT'S THAT!?. SHE LEFT THE
HOTEL FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO,
WITH TWO MEN?... GET ME
THE POLICE!..

.... BACK AT
THE HOTEL.

FLYING FORTRESS

YES SIR, WE'LL RING YOU AS SOON AS WE TRACE THEM...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU'VE TRACED THEM?... TWO MEN AND A GIRL HEADING OUT OF LONDON ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD?... THANKS!



GOOD!

COME ON HARRY, WE'LL GO AFTER THEM IN THE FLYING FORTRESS... PHONE THE AIRPORT TO HAVE IT FUELED BY THE TIME WE GET THERE.



A LITTLE LATER



READY, HARRY! HERE WE GO!

LET 'ER RIDE, KIDDO!

A TAXI SPEEDS THEM TO THE AIRPORT



HEY, JIM, I THINK I'VE GOT 'EM SPOTTED. THAT LOOKS LIKE HELEN IN THE MIDDLE.... OVER A LITTLE TO YOUR LEFT.



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, JIM?.... ATTACK?

WE CAN'T...MIGHT KILL THE PRINCESS! WE'LL HAVE TO FLY HIGH AND STAY OUT OF SIGHT.



FLYING FORTRESS

WHAT'S GOING ON NOW, I WONDER?

LOOK!



THE BARN WALLS FALL OUTWARD REVEALING A HIDDEN PLANE.



THE LITTLE PLANE TAKES OFF...

WE CAN'T ATTACK WHILE THEY STILL HAVE HELEN... I'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT AND KEEP FOLLOWING.



HE'S SLOWING UP. MAYBE HE'S GOING TO LAND.

YEAH, I CAN SEE AN AIRPORT IN THE DISTANCE.

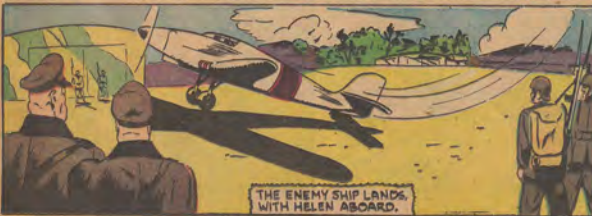


ACROSS THE CHANNEL AND OVER CENTRAL EUROPE.

WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO, JIM? ONCE THEY GET HER ON THE GROUND, HELEN'S A GONER!



MAYBE NOT... GET THE MEN TOGETHER UP FRONT.... I'VE GOT AN IDEA. HURRY!



THE ENEMY SHIP LANDS, WITH HELEN ABOARD.

FLYING FORTRESS

O.K. THEY'VE LANDED..
ARE YOU ALL SET TO
GO, BOYS?



JIM THROWS HIS SHIP INTO A POWER DIVE!



... 700 MILES AN HOUR!... AND
SUDDENLY JIM THROWS THE
MOTORS INTO REVERSE!



THROW ON THE HELICOPTER
PROPELLERS, QUICKLY!



WOW!
SHE STOPPED
ON A DIME!



THE FLYING FORTRESS LANDS,
SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE.



HELEN! THIS WAY!

WELL, WELL, LOOK
WHO'S HERE. HOW'RE
WE DOIN'-
PRINCESS?



HELEN,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

FLYING FORTRESS

HERE COME THEIR SOLDIERS! GET ON THAT MACHINE GUN, HARRY!



THEY ARE TOO STRONG. WE MUST WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS.



COME ON, GUYS, LET'S CHARGE!



THEY'RE FALLING BACK!.. HEY, WILL YOU TWO STOP MAKING EYES AT EACH OTHER? WE'RE WINNING!



GIVE THE SIGNAL TO RETREAT TO THE SHIP, HARRY... OUR JOB IS DONE, I DON'T WANT TO START ANY TROUBLE.



YOU DON'T WANT TO START ANY TROUBLE! ...WHAT DO YOU CALL ALL THIS?



LOOK! HERE COMES A SQUADRON OF ENEMY TANKS!



FLYING FORTRESS

OUR ARMOR IS TOO THIN TO WITHSTAND THEIR TANK CANNON. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF.



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE FORTRESS LEAPS STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR. LOOK!.. AS IF IT HAD SPRINGS, IT JUMPS!



LOOK OUT! HERE COME THEIR PLANES! SIX OF 'EM!



ONE GOT SHOT. AND NOW THERE ARE FIVE!...JUST LIKE THE TEN LITTLE INDIANS!

HEY, THEY'RE FLYING OFF. IT LOOKS LIKE WE WIN BY DEFAULT.



WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. WHAT DO YOU SAY, PRINCESS? BACK TO ENGLAND AGAIN?



I'D NEVER FEEL SAFE THERE, AFTER WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED... WHY CAN'T I GO TO AMERICA WITH YOU?

WHY NOT, INDEED? I'D BE THE LAST TO SAY NO!



AND SO THE FLYING FORTRESS HEADS OUT OVER THE STORMY ATLANTIC. NEXT STOP: U.S.A.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

ELLERY QUEEN

A PATIENT IS DISCHARGED
FROM GENERAL HOSPITAL,
NEW YORK CITY--



LUCI TOOK HIS FRIENDS TO THEIR SEPARATE DESTINATIONS AND TOLD THE CAB DRIVER TO TAKE HIM HOME.

THE NEXT MORNING ON A SIDE ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK---



ELLERY QUEEN



HES ---
HES DEAD!

OHNNH!

INSPECTOR QUEEN ELLERY, AND SERGEANT VELIE ARE CALLED TO THE SCENE ---

SAY INSPECTOR--
THAT'S LUCIO BETRELLO
THE GANGSTER!

RIGHT VELIE--
HE WAS JUST DIS-
CHARGED FROM THE
HOSPITAL YESTERDAY!

MYMAN--- HE WENT
FROM THE FIRING PIN
INTO THE FIRE, SO
TO SPEAK!

SEEMS HE WAS
HIT BY THE WELL
KNOWN 'BLUNT
INSTRUMENT' ON
THE BACK OF THE HEAD--

THAT'S A NOVELTY--LAST
TIME HIS GANGSTER PAL
ROOLED HIM FULL
OF BULLETS!

WE FOUND
HIM HERE, JUST
LIKE THIS--WE
DIDNT TOUCH
ANYTHING--

THIS LOOKS TO ME
LIKE ONE OF THOSE
GANG-RIDE MUR-
DERS WE NEVER
SOLVE--

NOT SO SURE
ABOUT THAT, DAD--
LETS
GO TO THE
HOSPITAL--TIE
A KNOT WE
MIGHT LEARN
SOMETHING
THERE--

LEAVING VELIE TO TAKE CARE OF THE BODY--ELLERY AND INSPEC-
TOR QUEEN VISIT LUCIO BETRELLO'S NURSE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL--

... AND HE LEFT HERE
YESTERDAY AFTERNOON WITH
THREE TOUGH LOOKING MEN--
I THINK THEIR NAMES WERE
PAT, SAM, AND TONY--YES,
THAT'S WHAT HE
CALLED THEM--

DID YOU HEAR ANY OF THEIR
CONVERSATION, NURSE, OR DID HE
TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT THEM
BEFORE THEY CAME?

YES HE DID--HE BET THEM HE WOULD
WALK OUT OF THE HOSPITAL--THEY
BET HE'D BE CARRIED OUT FEET FIRST!
HE WAS HOPING TREND BRING THE
MONEY BECAUSE HE DIDNT HAVE
A PENNY WITH HIM--

HOW MUCH
WAS THE BET?

EACH MAN
BET MR BETRELLO
\$ 500

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
WHY THAT MEANS HE
SHOULD HAVE HAD
FIFTY HUNDRED
DOLLARS ON HIM--

AND WE
DONT FIND A
SOUTHERY PENNY!

DAD, DO YOU KNOW
WHO THOSE GANGSTER
FRIENDS OF LUCIO'S
ARE?

CERTAINLY! THEY'RE PART OF
HIS GANG--TONY BTACIO, SAM
BRETT, AND PAT MCGUIRE--
ILL HAVE EM DOWN AT
HEADQUARTERS IN AN
HOUR!

ELLERY QUEEN

ONE HOUR LATER, TONN STACIO, SAM BRETT AND PAT McCLEURE ARE BEATED IN INSPECTOR QUEEN'S OFFICE---

INSPECTOR, YOU'RE WRONG-- WE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT LUIGI'S KILLIN'!

HE TOOK US HOME IN DE CAB AND DATS DE LAST WE SAW OF HIM-- HONEST!

TOOK EACH OF US HOME IN THE CAB, EN? AFTER YOU'D GIVEN HIM FIFTEEN HUNDRED BUCKS! A LIKELY STORY!

WE CAN CHECK THEIR STORY EASILY ENOUGH, DAD--- PICK UP THE CAB DRIVER FOR QUESTIONING.

WE'VE CHECKING THE DRIVERS IN FRONT OF GENERAL HOSPITAL NOW-- ONE OF THEM PROBABLY HAILED THIS LOAD!

YEAH--YEAH-- THE CAB DRIVER WILL TELL YOU HE TOOK US HOME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---

HERE'S THE CAB, INSPECTOR. SAYS HE HAILED THESE CUN'S FROM THE GENERAL HOSPITAL WITH LUIGI BETRELLO.

GOOD! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF YOU RATS IS LYING!

WHO WAS THE LAST PASSENGER YOU TOOK TO HIS DESTINATION? IN OTHER WORDS-- WHO PAID YOU FOR THE HAIL AT THE END OF THE LINE?

LET ME THINK NOW-- I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION.

COME ON, THINK!

WAIT A SECOND--- SURE I REMEMBER-- IT WAS THE SICK CUN-- I TOOK HIM TO HIS HOME ON CENTRAL PARK WEST--

SEE---JUST LIKE WE TOLD YOU, INSPECTOR!

DID YOU STOP ANY PLACE ON THE WAY, CABBY?

NO, SIR-- WE DROPPED THE LAST CUN OFF. I TOOK HIM HOME, HE PAID ME, AND THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF HIM.

I SEE-- THANKS.

YOU CAN WAIT OUT- SIDE, CABBY-- WE MAY NEED YOU AGAIN--

ALL RIGHT, YOU CUN'S, I'VE HEARD ALL I'VE GOT TO HEAR! ONE OF YOU FOLLOWED LUIGI HOME AND TOOK HIM FOR A RIDE-- WHOEVER IT WAS STOLE THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS HE HAD ON HIM!

BUT, INSPECTOR!

DAT'S NOT SO!

SHUT UP-- ALL OF HIS! I'M GOING TO WORK ON YOU CUN'S AND ONE OF YOU ARE GONNA SPILL!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, VELLE-- I KNOW WHO KILLED LUIGI BETRELLO!

STOP!

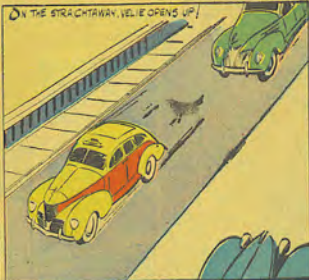
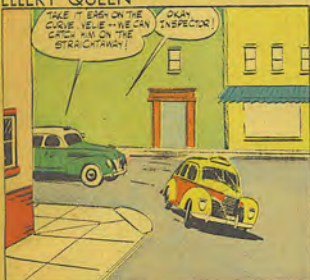
---ACAN, ELLERY QUEEN PRESENTS HIS CHALLENGE TO YOU AT THE POINT IN THE STORY WHERE HE SOLVED THE CASE---

WHO KILLED LUIGI BETRELLO?

?

FLERY QUEEN





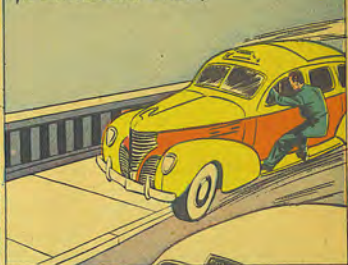


WATCH IT, EL...
HE'S GOT A
WRENCH!

HEEDLESS OF BUT ONE
THING - TO KILL ELLERY -
THE CABBY LETS THE CAR
CAREEN ACROSS THE ROAD.



THE CAR PLUNCES TOWARD THE RACING!



SUDDENLY THE CAB VEERS AROUND! ELLERY LOSES HIS HOLD
BY THE CROCK OF THE TURN AND LEAPS!



ELLERY!
SON! SON!

WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET HIM
DO IT!



ELLERY: OH--DAD! I'M ALL
RIGHT--JUST A LITTLE
DIZZY--

IT'S A
MIRACLE!
YOU GOTTA
CHARMED
LIFE, ELLERY!

WELL, THE CABBY
WAS KILLED BUT
THE PEOPLE IN THE
OTHER CAR WILL
BE ALL RIGHT--
THEY'RE JUST
SHOCKED--

THANK HEAVEN
FOR THAT!

I'M TAKING
YOU HOME,
ELLERY--
YOU NEED
A REST!



ONE THING, EL--
HOW WERE YOU
SURE THE CABBY
MURDERED LUCI?

HE SAID THAT LUCI HAD PAID
HIM HIS FARE--HE ALSO SAID
THAT THEY HADN'T STOPPED
OFF ANYPLACE BETWEEN THE
TIME THEY LEFT OFF THE
LAST GANGSTER AND THEIR
ARRIVAL AT LUCI'S HOME--
REMEMBER LUCI ONLY
HAD THREE \$500 BILLS!

I GET IT! LUCI
DIDN'T HAVE A PENNY
BESIDES THAT \$500--
SO THE CABBY WAS
LYIN' WHEN HE
SAID LUCI PAID
HIM!

SO ELLERY SOLVED THE CRIME THROUGH THE
CABBY'S ONE LITTLE BLUR! DO YOU SOLVE IT?
IF NOT, TRY AGAIN NEXT MONTH BY READING
ELLERY QUEEN'S NEW ADVENTURE.

Den Winslow

OF THE
NAVY

BY FV MARTINEK

ABOARD THE YACHT
OFF THE CUBAN COAST
WINSLOW DOESN'T
SUSPECT THAT "OWL-
EYES" PLANS TO MAKE
HIS ATTACK BY
SUBMARINE—

WHAT'S
GOING ON
DOWN
HERE?

SH-H-- NOT SO LOUD,
GILES. WE'RE GETTING OUR
DEFENSE BATTERY IN ORDER
BUT JESSIE AND HER AUNT
MUSN'T KNOW



DON WINSLOW



DON WINSLOW





GABBY SCOOPS

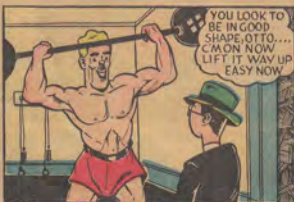
neg us rat oh

BY BILL TREADWELL

drawn by BILL CONNOR

GABBY SCOOPS HAS BEEN SENT TO THE TRAINING CAMP OF THE GREAT GARGOA TO DO A STORY ON THIS HUMAN MONSTER. OTTO, GABBY'S HANDY MAN, AFTER GIVING GARGOA A FINE DEMONSTRATION OF HIS STRENGTH, HAS BEEN MATCHED TO TUSSELE THE GIANT.....

WILL OTTO BE ABLE TO BEAT THE GIANT, WHO HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN IN THE RING?



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW OTTO.... YOU CAN TAKE A SHOWER AT THE HOTEL... I WANT TO SEE IF THERE'S A MESSAGE FOR ME



LET'S LOOK IN THE GYM WHERE GARGOA TRAINS

GUESS I'LL CALL IT A DAY NOW AND PLAY SOME CARDS



FRANKLY, IF WE DIDN'T HAVE OUR OWN REF. FOR THIS MATCH I'D BE PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT THIS FIGHT. HE'S INSIDE NOW



I AM SURE THAT OTTO WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST MY BOY, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO MAKE SURE OTTO DOESN'T GET AN EVEN BREAK.... GET IN HIS WAY, DO ANYTHING

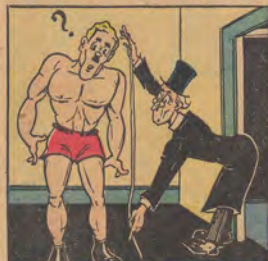
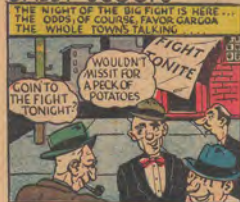


REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU AND IF ALL GOES THE WAY WE WANT I'LL PAY YOU AFTER THE FIGHT

AS REFEREE OF THIS MATCH IT IS MY DUTY TO BE FAIR AND SQUARE.... HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY?



GABBY SCOOPS



GABBY SCOOPS



GABBY SCOOPS



**WITH "SPARKIES"
GUARANTEE SEALS**

WOW!

LOOK!

City..... State.....



Train Your Feet for Active Sports



GOSH, HE'S GETTIN' GOOD!
LET'S ASK HIM HOW
HE DOES IT!



WELL, I'VE FOUND OUT
THAT FOOTWORK
COUNTS IN HITTING



Keds All Sport
oxford



I BET IF YOU TRAINED
YOUR FEET RIGHT YOU COULD
BE A CHAMP AT ALMOST
ANY OLD GAME!



"You Don't Have To Sit in the
Stands Unless You Want To."

says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask: "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to times I had played on, teams I had coached. I

thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy



Keds
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Bike Keds



For Better Footwork
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